

Traveling in a fried-out Combie  
 On a hippie trail, head full of zombie  
 I met a strange lady, she made me nervous  
 She took me in and gave me breakfast, and she said  
 / Am G Am FG / / / /

Do you come from a land down under  
 Where women glow and men plunder  
 Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder  
 You better run, you better take cover  
 / C G Am FG / / / /

Buying bread from a man in Brussels  
 He was six foot four and full of muscles  
 I said, "Do you speak-a my language"  
 He just smiled and gave me a Vegemite sandwich, and he said

I come from a land down under  
 Where beer does flow and men chunder  
 Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder  
 You better run, you better take cover

Do you come from a land down under  
 Where women glow and men plunder  
 Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder  
 You better run, you better take cover

Lying in a den in Bombay  
 With a slack jaw, and not much to say  
 I said to the man, "Are you trying to tempt me  
 Because I come from the land of plenty," and he said

Living in a land down under  
 Where women glow and men plunder  
 Can't you hear, can't you hear the thunder?  
 You better run, you better take cover